

Title: The Pirate

Author: Jangiri

---

The Pirate knew his day was almost over, leaning against the bars all he could see were dark clouds forming in the distance, He was thinking of happier times at estate where he was born. He dreamed of his childhood sweetheart and her long dark flowing hair. He could smell the apple orchard with its petals in full spring bloom, Maybe after this very eve he would be forever lost there. The crime for which he was being held was piracy and the punishment was death...death by hanging. He had cheated the hangman before but this time it seemed there was no hope. He looked around his cell once more, kicked at the rats and could hear the mournfull sorrow of others like him in this dreadfull place. Darkness was falling ever so slowly and he noticed the cloud in the distance was coming directly towards him over the vast dunes of sand. He took a second look, a flag, he saw a flag coming out of the storm which was dust kicked up by thousands of horsemen. The horsemen quickly overtook the town and and took the battle to the streets, He could see that they were crusaders from England and they had brought the war to the moors, and

were determined to  
reclaim the holy lands.

The fighting could be  
heard inside the castle.

Now he was getting  
worried because England  
punished pirates the very  
same way, and the end  
could be coming any  
second now, the clash of  
steel approached his cell.

He waited stiffly in the  
corner afraid of what  
was coming through the  
door...the lock turned and  
the door swung open hard  
a shiney bloody sword was  
first to come through,  
followed by a knight.

He was huddled on the  
floor looking up at the  
knight, the royal crest  
was on the armor and  
the black hair was  
pouring out of the closed  
helmet. The Knight  
reached down grabbed him  
by his ragged shirt and  
shoved him towards the  
door muttered "pirates".

The carnage was  
everywhere as he was led  
away from the prison.

The Knights had claimed  
the town and now were  
claiming thier reward by  
ransacking the town. He  
was taken to the main  
castle where a command  
post had been set up and  
pushed into a small room.

Several hours passed  
and he was thinking about  
his impending doom, then  
the door opened and the  
same Knight as before  
came in and motioned by  
hand to follow. Now he  
wondered would he be  
totured, would there be  
pain. He followed the  
Knight down the dark hall  
untill they reached the  
end, a door stood in  
front of them and the  
Kinight motioned to open  
the door, he looked at  
the door and wondered

what horrors were inside  
waiting for him and then  
gently pulled the door  
open. He walked inside and  
looked around it seemed  
this was someone  
quarters in a very high  
place the decor was  
elegant and has the  
pleasant smell of fresh  
wild flowers. The Knight  
closed the door and  
bolted it shut, and  
remove the helmet and  
said "your clothes are  
wet". he was stunned it  
was his childhood love, it  
was her. She raised her  
finger to her lips to  
motion silence and began  
to undress him. Her  
movements were clam and  
slow, She touched his  
chest when it was bare  
and ran her long fingers  
down hid flanks. She knelt  
before him to loosen his  
belt and peel down his  
breeches. When his was  
completley naked she  
stared at his manhood  
with a dark profound  
gaze, but without touching  
him there. She rose to  
her feet.took his hand  
and led him to hard  
wooden bunk. He tried to  
pull her down beside him,  
but she pushed his hands  
away. Standing there  
before him she began to  
undress. She unlaced the  
chainmail shirt. which flet  
to the floor about her  
feet. Beneath the heavy  
macculine warlike armor,  
her body was a paradox  
of femininity. Her body  
was a translucent amber.  
Her breasts were large,  
and the nipples were hard  
,round and dark red as  
ripe berries. Her lean  
hips were sculpted into  
the sweet sweep of her  
waist. The bush of curls  
that covered her mount  
of venus was crisp and a

lustrous black.

At last she came to where he lay, and stooped over and kissed deeply into his mouth. Then she gave an urgent little cry and with a slight movement fell upon him. He was astonished by the strength and suppleness of her body as he reached up for her and cleaved to her. He awoke to her standing before him. While she was getting dressed she watched him as though she wanted to remember every detail of his face and body. Then, as she laced up her armor she came to stand before him, Yes I love you but as you were choosen for this moment I was choosen for another. I serve my King and I must get him back on the throne. She stared at him and was silent, then softly said "If I kiss you again, I may have to stay forever" she turned " I wish I were a common maid and that it could have been otherwise goodbye" and she walked out the door. Stunned he got dressed and walked out of the castle down to the docks. No one challenged him and before his eyes it was his ship. They waved to him and welcomed him with high spirits. He was glad to see them but had an empty feeling, like something was missing. a few weeks passed as they gathered the supplies that were needed and finally it was time to depart, the orders were given and the lines were pulled in, he noticed a woman waiting next to the ship. She pulled back her

hood and smiled and said  
"do you have room for a  
common maid" of course I  
do he remarked. He  
noticed that she had  
nothing with her, and he  
asked "what about your  
King and why do you have  
nothing. She said " I  
completed my mission and  
the King seats on the  
throne again as for my  
belongings all I have is  
my heart" he says" I am  
southbound" she says "  
where ever you go my  
love, I go also. He yells  
to the deckhands " bring  
us about" and pulls her  
closer to him as they  
stare forward to the  
open sea and the future.

The End.